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ON THE LATE

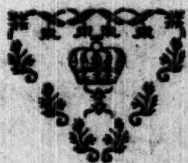
EARTHQUAKE

A T

L I S B O N.

K
TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THOUGHTS in a CHURCH-YARD.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pallmall*, and sold by M. COOPER,

P O E M

OF THE

BARTRUM

AT

ALSBOM

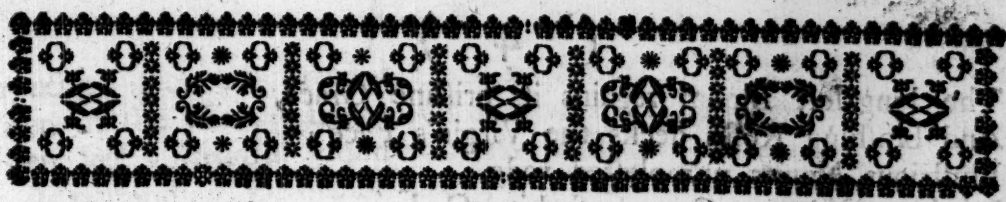
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THOUGHTS IN A CHURCH-YARD.



L O V

Printed by J. and J. Denton, in Pall-mall, and G. and J. B. Co. in the Strand.



A
P O E M
ON THE LATE
EARTHQUAKE
AT
L I S B O N.

✱✱✱ AIR was the Morn in richest Glory drest,
 ✱ F ✱ The Sun-beams orient deck'd the smiling East ;
 ✱✱✱ His chearing Heat, his warm prolific Ray,
 Added new Splendor to the Face of Day ;
 Serene the Air, no unpropitious Gale,
 Alarm'd the peaceful Tenants of the Vale :
 Tagus' proud Waves roll'd peacefully along,
 Smooth as the Cadence of the Poet's Song ;
 And as she past the Banks no hostile Wave,
 Her verdant Borders undisturbed lave ;
 But all was silent, Nature lay reclin'd,
 Nor felt a Thought of Sorrow in her Mind ;
 Here Merchants traffick'd to enlarge their Wealth,
 Here riping Sips

The long-lost Bloom regains its pristine Grace,
 And blushing Roses decks the Virgin's Face;
 Illustrious Navies unmolested rode,
 Invoking *Neptune*, Ocean's fav'rite God,
 Proud *Lisbon's* Walls look'd graceful to the Eye,
 And seem'd to reach the Mansions of the Sky;
 Its lofty Dome majestically free,
 Form'd an enchanting Landskip to the Sea;
 There Art with Nature strove the Sight to allure,
 With Strength combin'd its Turrets to secure;
 A noble Palace in whose bright Domain,
 A Monarch loving as belov'd does reign;
 Generous, humane, who scorns the servile Art,
 By ought but Reason to engage the Heart;
 Who knows no Pleasure but his Country's Bliss,
 In that is center'd every heart-felt Wish;
 Yet must the Muse a horrid Truth reveal,
 For ah! what Heart Assassins can conceal,
 A murderous Crew within his Kingdoms dwell,
 Ally'd to Satan and the Fiends in Hell;
 To mild Religion, Honour, Mercy Foes,
 All Laws divine as human overthrows;
 Whose Savage Hearts still thirst for Christian Blood,
 Yet claim the Title of Devout and Good;
 The Rack, the Torture, is to them a Joy,
 Their Aim to plunder, threaten and destroy;
Jews, Turks, or Christians serve their impious Turn,
 Each, like a Faggot, undistinguished Burn;
 Alike to horrid Purposes designed,
 Such is the Force of the obdurate Mind.
 Strangers to Virtue or Compassion's Cause,
 The flinty Heart no future Judgment awes;
 Not Earth alone the Vicious dares to brave,
 But laughs at Heaven, and contemns the Grave.
 But Heaven's high Will who looks on Man's Offence,
 And with due Weight his Justice can dispense;
 Who views Mankind with an Omniscient Ray,
 And sees Tomorrow as he sees To-day;
 Oft bids his loud impending Thunders roll,
 To strike a Terror in the guilty Soul.
 When trembling Wretches laid

Expecting soon the dreaded Hour to come,
 When in the Flames they must receive their Doom.
 When lo ! a dreadful Sound affrights the Ear,
 As if portending Desolation near ;
 The fatal Noise th' astonish'd Sense surprise,
 And seems to rend the Concave of the Skies ;
 A fierce Convulsion shakes the Womb of Earth,
 As if her Bowels sought a second Birth ;
 The matchless Scene of Cruelty now fell,
 Dooming their Masters to their native Hell ;
 Stung by Remorse, repentant Tears arise,
 But Justice, Justice echoes from the Skies ;
 The Sea, arising in a Deluge, pours
 Her strongest Fury on the ruin'd Shores ;
 The Pavements crack, the Buildings every where,
 As fleeting Shadows quickly disappear :
 Regardless of the kind hymenial Tye,
 Distracted Husbands from their Consorts fly ;
 Wives careless leave their tender Charge behind,
 And vainly seek a safe Retreat to find ;
 Whilst some by Height of Misery distressed,
 Clasp their dear Offspring to their panting Breast ;
 Protect my Darlings, this one Boon regard,
 Tho' helpless, destitute, be God their Guard.
 Hundreds the gaping Chasms now destroys,
 Quells every Hope, and every Bliss annoys ;
 Earth trembles, still the haughty Mountains bend,
 Spires and Temples in one Ruin end ;
 The Mansions reel ; observe those stately Walls,
 A Moment past, its stately Fabric falls ;
 The People shriek with Terror and Dismay,
 Earth opes her Mouth and shuts them from the Day ;
 Young lisping Babes around their Mothers cling,
 As tender Broods beneath the fostering Wing ;
 Where is my Father ? with a Look most mild,
 Or where my Mother ? cries the duteous Child ;
 Oh ! spare them both, if one of us must dye
 T'appease the Anger of the Deity ;
 Thy prostrate Servant graciously receive,
 Content to dye, but let my Parents live.
 The modest Maid, array'd in Beauty's Charms,

All strive by Flight Death's fatal Dart to shun,
 Yet blind through Fear to their Destruction run :
 Some to the Sea their trembling Steps wou'd gain ;
 Some seek the Eminence, and some the Plain ;
 But vain the Effort, that Self-love inspires,
 Now the Volcano's bursts impetuous Fires ;
 For what the reeling Globe indulgent left,
 Her flaming Caverns undistinguish'd swept ;
 Whilst human Beings, if we such can name,
 Who feel no Sense of Pity, or of Shame,
 Devoid of Honour, in the their native Soil,
 Now dar'd the cruel Theft, the treach'rous Spoil ;
 Tho' fav'd, relentless, scorning Fate to bless,
 But sought to make their Neighbour's Portion less ;
 Intent on Rapine, and to Mischief prone,
 Felt no Compunction at the gen'ral Groan ;
 But Justice strait, by Majesty's Command,
 Pursues the Miscreants, the infernal Band.
 Virtue reverse, amidst the doubtful Strife,
 Nobly disdains that trivial Toy call'd Life ;
 Sustain'd by Piety, by Worth elate,
 Remains serene amidst the Wreck of Fate ;
 Nor dares to murmur, tho' oppress'd by Woe,
 But waits with Fortitude th' expected Blow ;
 And yet when Honour feels the Pang severe,
 What Heart refrains the tributary Tear ?
 Young *Celadon* long woo'd a matchless Fair,
 A Maid divine in Person as in Air ;
 She knew no Thought ungentle or unkind,
 Her Form was equal to her spotless Mind ;
 The Loves and Graces revell'd in her Eye,
 Her Skin excell'd the fair vermillion Dye ;
 Tender her Bosom as the faithful Dove ;
 For Years each openly avow'd their Love :
 At length the fond, transported Lover gain'd
 Her yielding Hand, till now by Force detain'd.
 Now real Transports warm'd each faithful Breast,
 Of Love, of Fortunes, every Gift possess ;
 To a fair Mansion, with each Grace supply'd,
 He led his lovely new-espoused Bride,
 The Guests appointed from the distant Vale,

Amidst the gen'ral Joy the Shock began;
 She dropt-----He swift to her Assistance ran;
 Too late his Care to snatch her in his Arms;
 Soon must the Grave receive her blooming Charms;
 She rais'd her Head, by ardent Love inspir'd,
 Then breath'd a Sigh, and instantly expir'd:
 The Youth, unable to disclose his Care,
 Dejected stood the Image of Despair;
 Unmindful of the Ruins of the Day,
 Alone her stretch'd-out Corpse his Eyes survey.
 The Royal Pair, now silent and alone,
 Wept their deserted solitary Throne;
 View'd with Distress their beaut'ous City fled,
 Friends, Statesmen, Subjects number'd with the Dead;
 But more their sympathizing Bosoms grieve
 The Want of Pow'r, Misery to relieve.
 Not Kings escape a universal Woe,
 But as the Peasant feels the Weighty Blow.
Spain, Italy, alike in Fears combine,
 And dread that Wrath, omnipotent, divine.
 Where are the richest Gems that grace a Crown?
 Their Castles, Churches, whither are they flown?
 Bury'd in dark Oblivion's sable Night,
 Those lofty Portals took eternal Flight.
 For ever gone at the avenging Rod,
 The Dispensations of an angry God,
 And yet no Ills can shake the steady Mind,
 In each Occurrence patient and resign'd.
 No boist'rous Storm affects the pious Soul,
 Content they sit, and view the Billows roll,
 Tho' Mountains shake, Earth from its Axis move,
 Yet smile serene, and place their Hopes above.
 Such the Perfections regal Pomp shou'd grace;
 Such in her Monarch does fair *Albion* trace:
 As brave, as great, compassionate and good,
 With ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Charm endu'd;
 Each kind Emotion swells his Royal Breast,
 By Pity's fair celestial Seal imprest.
 Amidst the Ruins his benev'lent Voice,
 The mournful Suff'ers ravish'd Ears rejoice;

His Word protects them with Parental Care;
 Thrice envy'd all who GEORGE'S Bounties share;
 Who tastes the Blessing that a liberal Hand,
 A tender Heart bequeath's a Foreign Land:
 For to illust'rous BRUNSWICK's lasting Fame,
 Distress for Succour may a Priv'lege claim;
 Tho' born for Mercy, yet his Foes obey,
 And own his glorious and despotic Sway.
 Soon may his powerful Arms with Strength maintain
 Her Right o'er haughty Gallia on the Main.
 As Britain's Sons all Nations else excel,
 Her Force and Armaments loud Faction quell;
 With Plenty blest, Britannia's happy Isle
 Long, long enjoy her Sov'reign's benign Smile;
 No rude Anxiety his Peace molest,
 But watchful Angels guard his Godlike Breast:
 And thou, ALMIGHTY GOD, supreme o'er all,
 Who from rude Chaos fram'd this pond'rous Ball;
 Whose watchful Providence is unconfin'd,
 Who guides the Seasons and directs the Wind;
 Whose Wisdom form'd that glorious Orb of Light,
 Gave Limits to the Day, and mark'd the Night:
 Eternal Lord! immeasurably Great,
 Enthron'd on high in Majesty and State,
 If the repentant Tear above arise;
 If fervent Prayers can reach the starry Skies;
 Tho' a whole Nation's Sins for Vengeance sue,
 And Punishment to Man's Offence is due,
 Yet let that Wrath deserv'd our Sighs delay;
 Support and strengthen this enfeebled Clay;
 Preserve our frailer, tho' immortal Part;
 Restrain th' unruly Passions of the Heart.
 Hear these Requests, Earth, Heav'n's CELESTIAL KING,
 To whose high Praise Creatures unnumber'd sing!
 Vouchsafe thy Love and Providential Smile,
 And beam thy Mercies on Britannia's Isle.



THOUGHTS in a CHURCH-YARD.

WHILST contemplating on this awful Scene,
Oh may no wordly Cares disturb my Breast,
Nor ought to damp Reflection intervene,
Or trifling Thoughts the solemn Theme molest.
Within these lonely Mansions of the Dead,
The Rich and Poor in Heaps promiscuous lay,
From the fair Cheek the lively Bloom is fled,
Constrain'd perforce to mix with coarser Clay.
Veil'd is the Lustre of the sparkling Eye;
In the cold Tomb is lock'd the snowy Face;
The well-turn'd Features here neglected lie,
That living charm'd with each alluring Grace.
Wither'd the Poet's verdant-spreading Bays;
Silent the Orator's persuasive Tongue;
No more he captivates in melting Lays;
The soothing Force of Eloquence unstrung.
Nor longer does the Sage to Fame aspire;
To Worms the Hero now becomes a Prey;
So soon shall vanish ev'ry fond Desire,
When on our Parent Earth we cease to stray.
The Proud, the Humble, as if Equals join,
And peaceful slumber in the quiet Grave;
The King, whom Nations term'd almost divine,
Must mingle Ashes with the meanest Slave.
Then whence the fruitless Sigh, the Wish of Pow'r?
The anxious Pantings of th' ambitious Mind?
When Life's precarious as a Summer Flow'r,
That's blown and wasted by an Eastern Wind.
What are your Boasts, ye buzzing Insects, say?
To Courts, Ambition, and to Wealth a Slave;
Their Joys shall fade near Truth's unerring Ray,
And all their Charms lies bury'd in the Grave.
Come to this sculptur'd Tomb, ye Young and Gay,
And let the Monitor Attention claim;
Learn here how soon your Glories will decay,
When unto Dust consign'd the brittle Frame.

Then early bid adieu to flattering Vice,
 To her delusive Wiles, perplexive Snare ;
 Ne'er let her Arts the wavering Breast entice,
 With Syren Notes she ushers in Despair.
 E'en in the Paths of Pleasure as ye rove,
 When Fancy paints some fair and blooming Joy ;
 Or as ye careless wander in the Grove,
 Death's piercing Shafts your anxious Schemes destroy.
 At that tremendous Moment Pleasure flees,
 Nor Spring, nor Autumn's Treasure yields Delight ;
 State Splendor, with her Pomp, forgets to please,
 And all's involved in one continued Night.
 It stagnates all by its rapidious Course,
 Pleasures, Pursuits, or what Men Business call ;
 And by its boundless and impetuous Force,
 All seems a Void 'neath this terraqueous Ball.
 The experienc'd Statesman drops his towering Views,
 Far weightier Cares his doubtful Soul employ ;
 The plodding Miser, Gold no more pursues,
 Nor in his hoarded Mammon tastes a Joy.
 Relentless Death now throbb's thro' every Vein,
 Convulsive Pangs speak Dissolution nigh ;
 How shall he bear the sharp afflictive Pain,
 If fair Religion should her Aid deny.
 She to the virtuous Soul still utters Peace ;
 And whispers Comfort and Relief from Woe ;
 That in propitious Time their Ills shall cease,
 And the fair Cup with endless Bliss o'erflow.
 Not so the guilty Sinner looks on Death,
 To him in horrid Shape and Form array'd ;
 Earnest he sues to Heaven, Appeals for Breath,
 And vainly calls the healing Tribe for Aid.
 Straight from the gloomy Prospect let us turn,
 And view that humble Grave, with Turf o'erspread ;
 Perhaps within its decent sacred Urn,
 Some blooming Youth was most untimely laid :
 Who as a hopeful Shrub, had promis'd fair,
 Well to reward the Planter's Care and Toil ;
 His Father's Troubles, as his Joys to share,
 And bless his Mother with a filial Smile.

(II)

With kind parental Eye, each view'd the Child,
And blest the happy Hour that gave him Birth ;
Gazed on his Looks, so innocently mild,
And thought the Boy possest uncommon Worth.
Dwelt on his Words, on every pleasing Art,
Such fond Affection did their Bosoms prove,
Little they thought from such a Bliss to part,
Or soon to yield the Object of their Love.
But when they saw the mournful Seal of Fate,
Spare, spare my Child, kind Heaven, the Mother cries !
His Life alone can every Grief abate,
Raise every Hope, and quell these heaving Sighs.
But Tears are vain to stop the settled Doom,
Nor Cries, nor bitter Anguish, can delay
His early Summons to the dreary Tomb,
That House appointed for all human Clay.
In this neat Tomb's interr'd a lovely Fair,
That once her Sex outshone in every Grace ;
The snowy Lilly was not half so clear,
Spring's rosy Bloom adorn'd her beauteous Face.
Enamour'd with the Maid a virtuous Youth,
Caught by her Sweetness and superior Charms ;
Had at the Altar vow'd unshaken Truth,
Till Death grown envious, stole her from his Arms.
How shall the Muse their different Pangs reveal,
Or Words the Height of tender Woe explain !
Each strove their inward Anguish to conceal,
And sympathizing felt redoubled Pain.
Proof how unstable every worldly Bliss,
How short and fleeting every Joy below ;
When in Possession of the heart-felt Wish,
We find it but the Harbinger of Woe.
Thus have I seen the Sun with Lustre rise,
And add new Beauties to the smiling Day ;
But when thick Clouds obscur'd the azure Skies,
Lost was his genial Warmths enlivening Ray.
Hark the Bell tolls ! how awful is the Sound ?
At its sad Tinkling every Pleasure flees ;
The sprightly Bosom now forgets to bound,
And deep Reflection all her Powers seize :

Mirth is no more, nor Music can inspire,
 Or raise to Harmony the pensive Breast;
 The anxious Soul to nobler Views aspire,
 And only thinks of her eternal Rest.
 Of the unalterable approaching Change,
 Whether to live supremely blest above,
 Or scorch'd thro' liquid Fires unceasing range,
 And quit her Title to redeeming Love.
 Oh, tell! ye venerable Relicts tell,
 What we shall be when Time shall be no more;
 Speak to the echoing Roof the Hermit's Cell,
 And friendly this mysterious Truth explore.
 By Thought severe, the philosophic Mind
 Searches within, and asks the Reason, why
 The Soul forgetful, to her Interest blind,
 Has learn'd each Science, but the Art to die.
 Has trac'd thro' Nature's universal Plan,
 Her many Changes, and her various Laws;
 But as he busy soars, the heedless Man,
 Ne'er thinks that Death's in every Breath he draws:
 That, like some baleful Poison, inward lurks
 A Potion, order'd for the Sons of Earth;
 Hourly within its fatal Influence works,
 By Heaven's Appointment, from his early Birth.
 Yet when the Eye of Man to roll shall cease,
 It may hereafter with new Lustre rise;
 By Angels usher'd to the Realms of Peace,
 From whence each Care and sharp Affliction flies.
 Then e'er we view our final setting Sun,
 Lest the alarming Period should surprize;
 As some experienced Racer may we run,
 Eager to gain the blest immortal Prize.

F I N I S.